

THE NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE AND AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

NEC INVIDIE, NEC TIMORIS DOMINIO.

VOL. III.....No. 2.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1826.

WHOLE UNITED No. 97.

FOUR MONTHS IN EUROPE.

BY SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

That is a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return who travel out.

Cowley.

No. VI.

I have already said enough in relation to St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Somerset House is remarkable, outwardly, only for its immense extent and chilling gloom. Exeter 'Change, the national menagerie, is a ruinous building, without the charms of a ruin, in the very darkest and most crowded part of the Strand, just ready to tumble down on the heads of all the wild beasts and cozening moneychangers, congregated beneath its worm-eaten roof. The churches are generally very ancient, but not very impressive; a dim, sombre hue pervades them—a thousand winters have passed over them, and a thousand times ten thousand of the earth's inhabitants lie mouldering in their vast cemeteries. When one stands before them, he may muse for ever on the transitory nature of man, his frailty and his arrogance, his pride and his nothingness; and the incessant crowds that hurry by him, he may well contrast with the silent slumbers of the dead, who were once bent upon the same pleasures and pursuits, as eagerly as they. But they afford little scope for description, save the usual out-dome—massy pillars; dull Gothic arches; windows sloping inward, with a little diamond-pointed window in the centre of each; altar windows fantastically painted in diverse colours, which produce a fine effect when the sunbeams fall through them; polished oak pews without cushions; low galleries in different organs, generally; and a multitude of seats, for serving men and maids, in the broad aisles. I know nothing more particularly worthy of notice, except the horrible manner in which they are all profaned! In different parts of London—at Charing Cross and St. James's square, particularly, one meets with equestrian statues of some kings or conquerors, or

perhaps both at once; but I did not care to inquire whose images they were, as I did not intend to fall down and worship; indeed had I so intended, I might as well have worshipped his Satannic Majesty, in ignorance, as any other prince. They are as ugly and black, I am sure, as the infernal emperor himself could reasonably desire. Passing the horse guards, (as they say in London, rather irrationally, for it would be a difficult affair to do it literally,) one enters St. James' Park, through a noble arch of St. James' Palace; but, though palace is a fine word, the building itself would never tempt me to envy the noble occupants. Proceeding, however, a little distance, across the west end of the Park, and entering into Pall-Mall, one beholds London in all its beauty. From this point to St. John's Wood, four miles, the eye is regaled with successive piles of the most magnificent buildings. The Opera is a splendid structure; Burlington Arcade is beautiful; so is the Crescent, a pillared promenade, in the lower part of Regent-street. But this street itself surpasses all the rest in splendour; it is said to be the finest public way in Europe, and I believe the assertion. It is far more beautiful than any street in Paris. Were it a square or a circle, I should certainly think the Place Vendôme much superior to it; but as a uniform and very long range of noble buildings, I presume, the world cannot equal it. Here is the residence of the nobility and gentry; those who, like Lord Grosvenor, or the French Duc d'Orleans, are rich enough, at the expense of starving thousands, to purchase empires of such base and shameless slaves as the Neapolitans; who, forgetting their former honour and glory, crouch at the footstool of Austria and kiss the foot that spurns them.

The theatres, Drury-lane and Covent Garden, are very large but dark-coloured and gloomy buildings; inveterate rivals within fifty yards of one another. The Parliament House is not worth beholding when one has looked on the Capitol at Washington. St. Stephen was more remarkable for his holiness, I suspect, than his architectural

taste. Having had no interest, at least in the Bank of England, I cannot judge of the interior; I presume, however, it is filled with valuables—some of which would console me much, in my lonely hours, if I had any benevolent friend among the directors. But, as this is not my fortune, I must content myself with saying that the exterior is as uninviting as the interior of Lloyd's; thank God! I was never three yards inside of that high-place of Mammon. I offer no sacrifice to worldly inclinations; I herd not with the consumers of calicoes. I know nothing about per cents, whether four, five or fifty; no dividends ever come to me. I bless heaven! the rise or fall of stocks gives me no pleasure or pain. I disclaim all such cares; I abhor all canting and technicalities. Thieves and usurers—those universal plagues, trouble me not. When there is nothing to steal, one fears not robbery.

Of Westminster and Waterloo, and various other bridges, though I can admire their strength and beauty, I would not become me to speak particularly; since my knowledge of that kind of architecture is not sufficient to appreciate their various excellencies. The expense which has been bestowed upon them, I can believe, was incurred to a much better purpose than that of the war, whose closing battle immortalized the name of Wellington.

To one who has never seen the Louvre, Somerset House presents a grand collection of all that is beautiful and sublime in painting. But it lost much of its claim to admiration when I beheld the richest assemblage in Europe. There is to me—an amateur merely, not a connoisseur—a fine finish, a delicate tincture of the last noble conceptions of genius about the pictures which adorn the Parisian Palace, which cannot be paralleled by any thing in Somerset House, the British Gallery, the British Institution or the Marquis of Stafford's Gallery. Yet the collections in each of these noble temples of art are invaluable. Some of the pictures—I cannot afford to go over each of the above places separately, but speak of their ornaments

without distinguishing to which of them the paintings belong—some of the pictures are remarkable for the display of a grand imagination, and others for their delicate feeling; some for horror and many for beauty. Of the former class is Martin's *Deluge*; a picture fraught with the sublimest terrors; the dark cliff, butting over the howling waters, just ready to devour, where the last of the agonizing antediluvians stand gazing on approaching destruction; the turbid waves; the lurid skies; the solitary wretch, vainly breasting the tumultuous ocean, the whole scene is terribly sublime. Yet, I saw, in Paris, a less imposing but fully equal display. All the world had been drowned, except one family. They, too, are on a cliff; the gray-haired father has wound one arm around the trunk of a decayed sycamore, and, with the other, circled the waist of his feeble wife; the son clings to her, the son's wife to him, and a little child, with one foot on the last point of the crag, hangs by the hair of his mother; and the tree, that supports them all, is breaking! Heavens! one can almost hear the strained fibres of the sycamore crash! Then the agony of every countenance—the varied agony of the old man and the child—it is terrific. That picture has often haunted my dreams. Of the two, Martin's displays the greater genius, but, perhaps, the latter produces an equally sublime effect.

Perhaps the Sacred Scriptures afford the finest scope both for poetry and painting in the world. The expressive brevity of their relations supplies a few strongly outlined images to the mind, which the poet or artist can magnify or heighten, and convert into preternatural beauty or soul-harrowing sublimity. What has been the unqualified admiration of all ages cannot fail to delight or astonish when genius unfolds the breathing canvass, or strikes the lyre of heaven. Nothing can be finer than the Apostles of Raphael; their meekness, their fortitude, their consciousness of the incalculable importance of their mission, are all delineated in admirable character. Though we see not the genius of Raphael here, yet many of their Scripture pieces are very fine. Christ, crowned with thorns, by W. Hilton, is a very great picture. The whole grouping of the infuriated Jews, the stern Roman soldiers, the far-seen, pusillanimous disciples, and, over all, the godlike meekness, the awful face of the Almighty Saviour, are

astonishingly effective. But the insolent mockery of the slave, who is thrusting the rod into Christ's manacled hand, is delineated in the most forcible style of masterly genius.

Pharaoh's submission, by Haydon, is full of regal dignity and haughty power, vainly struggling with the invisible vengeance of a defied and insulted God; of stern but inextinguishable grandeur and long tried confidence in the truth of heaven, on the part of Moses and Aaron; and of utter terror, blended with insufferable agony, in the mother who bends over the stiffening corse of her beloved and only son.

Joseph, interpreting the dream of the Chief Baker, by John Hayter, is remarkable for the fine contrast of the youthful form and features of the future Governor of Egypt, and the dark muscular, agonized face of the Baker. The distant streaming light, that only shows the gloom of the dungeon, falls admirably upon the well-developed group.

Christ, dispossessing the Demoniacs, by W. C. Ross, is another example of the effect of contrast. How beautifully interesting is the wild and Holy Healer, calmly, as with the consciousness of omnipotent undelimited power, bidding the ferocious demoniacs—the howling, raging devils, that would blaspheme but dare not depart from the miserable man! With the inconceivable dignity of boundless power, he stands—undisturbed by the frantic attitudes and horrible contortions of the incarnate fiends.

Of landscapes—my favourite pictures—there is an abundance of the most beautiful. Passing the grand and terrible Alpine views, there is an Italian scene, by Linton, of the most ethereal beauty; a Highland Cottage, by Landseer, full of the most picturesque charms, romantic wildness and domestic love; the Children with a Dove, by Vest, a lovely picture; a chapel of the church of St. Jacques, at Lieffe, by Roberts, a fine vein of Gothic architecture; and many other charming sketches, which it would tire both the writer and the reader to specify. Europe enjoys this great advantage over America, that when one is gloomy and dull, unfit for society or his own thoughts, he may find a solace for his vapours among the fairy pictures of imagination; he may contemplate the creations of art till he dwells among them and lives in the Arcadia that expands before him. I know nothing so sweet and soothing to a broken spirit as

the landscapes of Claude—or so exciting, in a despondent hour, as the war-steed of Wouvermans; or so laughter-moving, in dulness, as the bacchanals of Poussin.*

With unqualified pleasure, I render my humble tribute of applause to the arts and literature, the greatest and most lasting ornaments of Great Britain. Her authors and her artists are second to none existing. Her galleries of paintings and her public libraries reflect more honour upon the genius of her literate and the munificence of her wealthy patronising people, than all the glories of her bloody heroes. Yet it was with the deepest regret that I was compelled to behold sketches and pictures in several of the printshops which would have reflected in my own the most abandoned bagno in Corinth. Crowds were always peering over each other's shoulders at lascivious drawings; and the shameful delight, which they manifested at the sight of human nature in its most bestial guise, was a sufficient evidence of their utter destitution of all moral feeling. I may be fastidious, but, since she revealed her shame to Eve, the exhibition of females in a state of nudity (but too common in

* The most valuable and beautiful private gallery of paintings which I saw in the British capital, belonged to my much-remembered friend, William B. Elwyn, Esq. of York Terrace. I often spent many hours there, gazing on the sweet landscapes of Claude, Lorraine, or the sublime and awful delineations of the great Flemish masters; and the delighted interest with which I beheld this pictured poetry, was augmented by my privilege in his invaluable library, and completed by my pleasurable intercourse with the excellent proprietor. Mr. Elwyn is a lineal descendant from the staunch Saxon Horsee, and his beautiful and exceedingly interesting lady carries the high spirit of her Welsh ancestry in her animated countenance. Besides, Mr. Elwyn is an an of Kent—a regular descendant from those heroic few who withstood the Norman William, and secured singular immunities to themselves, ere they would follow the example of their brethren, and submit to the conqueror. Above all, Mr. Elwyn has been twice in the United States; and the high, generous language he used in relation to my country, was enough to excite that regard and esteem, which his various qualities must have otherwise awakened in my heart. Whenever I went to York Terrace, his almost invariable salutation was, "Well, sir, I am happy to say that *the King* is better to-day;" for he delighted to banter me occasionally, and always smiled when he observed the expression with which I received the announcement. When England is named, I cannot fail to remember Mr. Elwyn, and the hospitalities of York Terrace.

London) appears to me nothing but wilful encouragement in the, already too general, career of venery. Mankind should be distinguished from satyrs, fauns and goats in other more estimable respects than form; or the lofty brow, that soars towards heaven, only mocks the iniquity of that corrupted heart which grovels in the dust. Such feelings as these, assisted by Byron's Don Juan, have produced more prostitution than all the inveigling artifices of the most alluring libertines. Woman is, by nature, much too frail a creature; the victim of her affections; alas! too often the sacrifice of her desires. Apart from all religion, all morality, all scruples of conscience, there should be manhood enough in the constitution of man to preserve rather than destroy the fairest flower of a woman's fame. If he conquers in his damnable assault, what victory has he to boast? The utter, irremediable ruin of a fallible creature who laid her breast open to his incurable poison, and trusted the eternal oath, which angels instantly recorded in heaven and exulting fiends in hell? If he fails, what can console his disappointment? The proud reflection that a feeble woman foiled his arts, distrusted his faith and abhorred his baseness. Where, then, is the reward? On the one hand he meets remorse, with its thousand scorpions; on the other, shame, that skulks guiltily away from the light of heaven. Yet, in defiance of every principle of honour, every feeling of disgrace, he revels on the ruin of his victim's fame, and feasts his infernal appetite on the deep damnation of his own worthless soul. The foulest stigma, among all the vices and abominations of London, is the general laxity of morals prevalent in female society. It is enough to break the heart of any one deserving the name of MAN, to behold the infamy—the insane licentiousness of those wretched creatures, whose diabolical seduction and parental hard-heartedness have driven to the market of hell. Lost to every feeling of shame; debased lower than the beasts; abandoned to desolation; the fever of disease forever bronzes their cheeks; the flame of remorse is burrowing in their hearts; the drowning fumes of intoxication revel in their brain, and, for a few brief hours, give oblivion to the agony that never dies.

Such are the effects of obscene paintings, publicly exhibited, and glowing descriptions of disgusting sensuality, publicly sold. Where will judgment rest at the

day of doom? On the broken heart and blighted spirit of the victim? or the haughty, self-complacent brow of the unrepenting destroyer? Let the reason of man reply! Let justice beneath the throne of God reply! Let the exulting laugh of the archfiend, from the lowest depths of hell, reply, as he grasps the un pitying seducer.

Popular Tales

LUKE LORANCE, THE CAMERONIAN.

[Concluded.]

The old man put on his bonnet and took me by the hand: "Oh! Halbert Herries, long have you lingered in a far country—lingered till the winds have shaken the grain which it was your duty to reap, and there is nought left to the gleaner but stubble and chaff. The destroyer's hand has been lifted against us, and like the servant from the destruction of the house of him of Uz, I alone am escaped to tell thee." As Luke Lorraine named my name, the young maiden came forward, looked wistfully in my face, the colour deepening on her cheek, and the moisture brightening in her eyes. "Aye, look on him well, my daughter," said the Cameronian, "and see how much of thy sweet mother's look is left in the face of her elder brother." "Ah! little, little I see of her meek endurance of spirit," answered the maiden; "I see a face changed by time and the suns of foreign lands, and I see an eye that looks coldly on fallen friends and on poor Scotland: of my mother, I see little;" and she sobbed aloud, covering her face with her hands, while the tears streamed between her round white fingers. "And are you indeed my ae sister's child?" I said: "where are all her brave brothers and relations whom I left full of youth and hope when I sailed to a far country?" "All gone, Halbert Herries, all gone," answered Luke; "can man endure for aye? does the sword of civil war spare the blood of the virtuous and the noble-minded? Alas! the purest blood is as soon shed as the basest; domestic war, religious feud, sudden conspiracy, open persecution, have each in their turn visited the house of Herries; and all that is spared is this young and tender maiden; the daughter of thy ae sister and sad sorrowful Luke Lorraine."

"Alas!" I said, "where were all thine own brethren? were they not bold and forward in thy cause? hadst thou no sons? and does my sister live? much have I to ask." The maiden wept, and threw her arms around her father's neck, as if to restrain him from outrage to his person, cried, "Oh father! my dear father, compose yourself, and dash not your gray hairs on the ground, as you often do when my hapless brothers are named. Think of the sacred cause in which they fell; that their young blood was not shed in vain; that those who smote them with the sword have also been smitten with the sword. Did you not say when you saw them stretched and bloody on the green sward, with their faces to heaven and their swords in their hands, that they never seemed half so lovely; and when Sabel Rodan, who loved my young brother Reuben, came with a shriek, and fainted at his side, did ye not as she came from her swoon say, 'Why weep ye, maiden, see ye not that the youth has sought a sacred and a silent bride; and that his bridal bed is ready?' Her father stood for a little space as fixed and as motionless as marble; his eyes and his hair seemed frozen, and his hand, placed on the tresses of his child, was moved with something between a shudder and a palsy. "Thou sayest true, my daughter," he said, "my ae sweet child, but though the spirit exults, the mortal part mourns—and I cannot but feel that they were fair and lovely—surpassed the youths of the land—were dear to thy mother and me—that their days on earth were few, and their call was sudden. But of them will I think no more, even now, but welcome thy mother's brother as well as I may."

I was much moved by this brief and broken account of the desolation which had befallen his house; but much as I longed to learn the story of his sorrows, my anxiety was restrained by his appearance; deep grief and long mourning had preyed upon him—had unsettled his spirit, and I thought the wisest course would be to allow him to tell me the story of his woes in his own way. I expressed my sorrow, and said, I had brought an unchanged heart and some wealth from a foreign land, and was come to end my days beside him. He seemed not to heed what I said, but suddenly observed: "This is a cold and uncomfortable chamber to bid my Jean's brother welcome in; but cold as it is, and damp and lonesome,

floored and roofed with rock—with its chairs and tables of rude stone, and its curtains of creeping woodbine, it is a place dearer than a palace to me. I have cause to remember these walls, to think on this wild and caverned glen, and many a night I sit beside that little stream, which you hear leaping from linn to linn, and think on the fearful and stormy days which are passed, and which have swept away my happiness with them. Martha, my love, bring me a draught of water from your little spring; pour out a cupful to Him above, as the pious king did, for it was once a place of blood—and bring the second cupful to me—for my lips are parched—on this day have I vowed to humble myself from sunrise to sunset without food or drink, and the sun is setting now." And putting his hand before his eyes, and turning away from me, he busied himself for a few moments in prayer, while his daughter, with a small wooden cup, flew to the spring, which sparkled clear in a little trough of stone, and returned to his side, presenting the water with a face of anxious concern. He spilt part of the water on the floor, muttering a prayer as he spilt it, and drinking the remainder off at a draught, appeared much refreshed. Martha spread a small white cloth over the rough table of stone, placed some oaten bread, and honey, and butter upon it, and poured out from a little jar a weak but very refreshing beverage—a sort of breg-wort, made from the refuse of honey. Water was added from the spring, with a few handfuls of wild blue-berries, which are plentiful in almost every lowland glen, and after a blessing was pronounced on them we began to partake. The old Cameronian tasted of the honey and of the water, and thus he proceeded to give me a few glimpses of the eventful times, so ruinous to his house, which preceded the expulsion of the last of the Stuarts.

"I was never a bold and forward person, and the sword which I was compelled to unsheathe was drawn for the protection of rights, civil and divine. The blood that was unrighteously shed be upon the heads of those who gave the unmerciful counsel, to tread under war-horses' hoofs the afflicted kirk of poor Scotland; let it not be visited upon those unhappy instruments of oppression, even the armed men who listened to no counsel, save the sound of the trumpet, and who thought obedience to the voice of command was the chief

virtue of their station. With them I sought not to war, and my sword spared them, wherever to spare them was safe. I sought alone to cut off the captains of the host of persecutors; some of them were names of long standing and ancient renown; but the names of Dalzell, of Maxwell, of Johnson, and of Grahame, much as I loved them all for their valour of yore, could not be a spell against the sword, which was drawn only when the voice of our religion was made mute, and our hills, and high ways, and hearths, smoked with innocent blood.

"It happened on a summer morn that the banner of the broken remnant was spread upon the green hill of Wardlaw, and a sermon was poured forth over the assembled people. Before us we beheld the vale of Nith all in its flush and beauty, and behind we saw the high hill of Queensberry, covered with flocks from base to summit. John Renwick preached: to you who never heard the eloquence of that gifted person; who never knew what it was to be hunted from hill to glen for worshipping God in your own way—who never listened to the voice of divine wisdom amid an ocean of trouble and sore tempest; to you it may be as seed sown on frozen waters, to tell how resistlessly edifying that glorious sermon on the hill was; how we stood like stocks and stones, with eyes upturned, and hands clasped, while the enthusiastic address of the mighty preacher made us look upon kings and counsellors as dust, and martyrdom as a purchased blessing. From nine in the morning till noonday did the sacred professor pour his balm into the bleeding bosoms of his flock; the hours seemed minutes, and hunger and thirst, which listen not to the words of the wicked or the wise, were subdued for a time on that blessed morn. His concluding words will be ever remembered by those, and they were not many, who escaped from that place of peril and blood. 'And where is the kirk of God now, you ask me; the voice of the preacher is heard no more within its walls; its cope and corner stones are cast into the dust, and its multitudes are persecuted; pierced with the spear and cloven with the sword; where then is the kirk of Scotland? Is it squared stones, and shapen timber, and a piece of ground chosen by lot, and measured out by man's hands, which form the holy and modest kirk? It is not in the city, for there the destroyer's trumpet is blowing; it is

not in the valley, for there I hear the sound of the war-horse, and the shouting of its rider; nor is it established on the hill, for there it would be seen from afar, and the wicked would come and cast it down. I will tell you where God's Scottish kirk stands to-day: wherever a matron prays, a devout man wishes holy things, a youth hopes for heaven, and a maiden thinks of salvation; be it in the wood, in the valley, on the moor, on the mountain, at their own humble home, or surrounded by armed men, be it in the tower, be it in the dungeon, or on the deep and unstable waters; there has God placed his kirk, and displayed his banner. Despond not, therefore, that you see your homes desolate, and the houses of the Most High destroyed: stand boldly by your religion, strike those that seek to smite, for heaven will most surely help us. I mean not that the dead will rise armed from the dust and trample your persecutors down; I mean not that angels will descend, as they did of yore, visible in all ages, and smite the warriors of Grahame and Dalzell; nor do I mean that fire will fall from heaven, or gush from earth, and devour your enemies; we live under a more mysterious, but no less effectual dispensation. The day is at hand, the golden day of redemption, I hear the voice of a holy one crying, 'A bright day for poor Scotland.' I may not, shall not, surely live to see it, though its morning is at hand, nor will many of you, my friends, behold it, for before it comes shall we be scattered as chaff; the spear and the sword will be at our bosoms, and the war-horse will dye his fetlocks in the warm blood of saints.'

"Even as he poured out his rapt and enthusiastic discourse we heard the sound of a lonely trumpet in a wood below; many clapt their hands and shouted, imagining that heaven had sent us aid, but presently the banner of John Grahame, and the waving of a long stream of warriors' plumes, emerged on the plain, and began to ascend at a rapid pace the green hill whereon we were assembled. Some of the congregation drew their swords, some prayed, some stood motionless with fear and awe, and some fled over the heath, to seek shelter among the woods and glens of Closeburn and Glenae. My three sons, and the two youngest sons of the house of Herries were by my side: we drew our swords, and prepared to resist with musket and spear; I looked on the

preacher, he stood gathered in spirit and strength, in his pulpit of green turf, gazing unmoved on the long line of horsemen winding up the side of the hill. He beckoned me to him. 'Son of Ephraim Lorraine,' he said, 'wherefore dost thou tarry here? thou art not marked out for the slaughter; thou shalt not surely die to-day; take, therefore, thy children, and the children of Emanuel Herries with thee; dive into that long cloud of mist which heaven now rolls towards us; there is a linn in Closeburn where thou wilt find shelter, and may the blessing of John Renwick and Him above be with you; fly, leave me to perish, for it hath been revealed that my hour is come, and the sacrificer shall find me on the altar.' At this moment the plumes and bright swords of the horsemen appeared above the hill; I stood, resolved to resist. 'Fly,' said the preacher, his voice rising far above the stir of the multitude and the neighing of the horses. 'Fly, cast away the sword, and trust not the spear; if thy hand sheds blood to-day, the blood of thy sons shall be the atonement; the Lord's preacher has spoken it; and he calmly awaited the approach of the slayer. The trumpets sounded, and the contest commenced; it was but of brief duration. The horsemen came in a cloud, and charged with the most desperate impetuosity, we resisted for a small space, but at length were broken like a cobweb, and the hill-top and the neighbouring heath were dyed with blood. I remembered not in my wrath the last words of the sacred preacher; my sword, the swords of my three fair sons, and those of thy younger brethren, bore token of our courage in God's cause. We were chased from the field, we gained the shelter of a thick mist, which had settled along the line of hills, and we continued our retreat to this wild and unfrequented glen.

"Alas! we were not unobserved; a dozen of the fiercest of the horsemen had followed us on the spur, and from a distant hill saw where we sought refuge; for the mist had cleared away, and the descending sun shone out fair and bright. We sought shelter in this cold and desolate chamber, where an anchorite lived of yore, and where the outlaw of Durisdeer found refuge, and where many dissolute and dubious characters make resort. We thanked the giver of all good for protecting us from the sword; took our helmets from our heads, and the corslets from our

bosoms, and drank water from that little well, and bathed our brows, hot with battle and with flight, in the rivulet. We were joined by two more of the congregation. We had obtained some refreshment from a shepherd, and we were preparing for worship when we heard the sound of voices approaching. I looked out and observed the helmets of six troopers moving slowly along the side of the stream, and heard them urging a diligent and scrupulous search for some of the most desperate of the Covenanters, who had sought concealment among the caverns. I returned to my sons, and enjoined silence, with the hope that our pursuers would not find us; but in a moment we observed their plumes coming nodding up the little rough ascent to our chamber. We drew our swords, and with a shout flew upon them just as they gained the entrance. They discharged their carbines—the balls missed, and dined deep in the rock; behold the marks they made; and ere they could use their other weapons we were upon them with cut and stab, and prevailed against them, and slew them. Success now made us insolent and vain; we offered up no thanks for our victory, but resolved with the twilight to leave the glen, and seek shelter in the wild hills of Halloway. In a fatal hour we left this little abode, and walked towards the entrance of the glen: the sun had been sometime down, the moon was yet unrisen, it was that pleasant time between light and dark which men call the gloaming. We had reached a little round knoll of green-sward, partly encompassed by the stream in the gorge of the linn, and there we stood holding a low and cautious consultation. My youngest son, my dark haired Adam, touched my hand, and taking me a step aside, whispered, 'Father, let us either go bravely forward or swiftly back; there are armed men in that little thicket before us.' Even while he spoke, several carbines flashed from the bushes, and thy two brothers, and two of my sons fell; our enemies raised a loud shout, and four in number rushed out upon us, discharging their pistols as they advanced. It was not courage—it was not rage—it was not devotion—it was not love of my children—but all together that made me rush upon them; a strength more than my own was in me, and none could withstand me. But I fought for victory when victory was no longer desirable. My elder children were mortally wounded, and my youngest, who

had fought by my side, and saved my life, had just strength to say, 'O! my mother,' and dropt dying at my feet. One, and one only of my enemies escaped, and lives to be pitied of God and man. On that little knoll were my three fair sons and thy two brothers buried; thy sister never smiled nor held up her head again; and three flat tomb stones mark out their lowly abode to the devout passenger who visits this melancholy glen."

My own tears, and the tears of his only daughter fell fast during this moving and remarkable tale, he took my hand, and said, "let us go home, my brother, a tale such as mine is a miserable welcome to a stranger. I have scarce any better cheer to offer, but let us be meek and content."

"We descended from the cavern, and walked down the margin of the stream, till we approached the little burial knoll; the figure of a man lay stretched and motionless upon it. "Behold," said the Cameronian, "behold the slayer of my youngest son. I had vowed a vow to seek him over the earth, and slay him wherever I found him; but 'revenge is mine, saith the lord.' Even as with pistols in my girdle, and a sword at my side, I had reached the threshold of my own door to seek his destroyer, behold there came a man running, almost naked, and with yellings on his tongue, as if something evil held him in chase. He saw me, and cried 'Oh! save me, save me,' and I took him into my house and warmed him, and gave him food. And he cried and said, 'there is blood on my hands which no one can wash out. I hear always the sound as of one running after me, crying "Ho! kill and slay him, for he slew the son of Luke Lorraine; he spared not the darling of the old man's bosom, smite him and slay him." And I looked upon the man and knew him, and I rose from my seat, laid my hand on my sword, and I shook exceedingly; my wife flew to my bosom, clasped her arms around me, for she saw death and judgment in my looks, and said in a low voice: 'Luke, it ye reverence Him above, smite not this wretched man; the Lord hath stricken him with madness, and hath sent him to thy door to show thee how just his judgments are.' So I sat down again, and the man looked steadfastly at me for a moment, and uttering a groan, he threw himself at my feet, placed my right foot on his neck, and besought the saints to receive his spirit. And I was moved and forgave him; and ever since

he has dwelt with me; he carries me wood, and he brings me water; he sleeps at my hearth, for a bed he will not touch; and should we call him at midnight or morn, he is ever ready to answer and obey. If he deprived me of a fair son, he preserved the life of my sweet daughter—how strange God's ways seem to man. She was on a visit to the lady of Ae, it was midnight, and she slept in an upper chamber; the house caught fire, and was wrapt in flame when the cry of my daughter was heard, and there was none dared to rescue her. This poor and miserable man was alarmed by the flash of the light on the window where he lay; he came as if wings had been given him, startled the crowd through which he broke with a yell, and ran up the turret stair; wrapped Martha in the bedclothes, descended the same way, though the stair stones were crackling under his feet, and placed her on his knees on the green, and wept and laughed with immeasurable joy. He knows that he has long had my forgiveness; nay, that he has won my love—yet, let the night be ever so rough and wild, you will find him at twilight, where you see him now, stretched upon the graves of my children, uttering moans, and making lamentations. I hope he has found mercy in God's eyes, and that his reason will be restored before he sleeps in the grave which I wish soon to be laid in." As we passed the little knoll, he rose on his knees, took a small cross from his bosom, held it up between him and the sky, and the sound of his loud and bewildered prayer followed us to the threshold of Luke Lorange, the Cameronian.

NALLA.

Literary Varieties.

ANALECTS

FROM

JOHN PAUL RICHTER.

COMPLAINT OF THE BIRD IN A DARKENED CAGE.

"Ah!" said the imprisoned bird, "how unhappy were I in my eternal night, but for those melodious tones which sometimes make their way to me like beams of light from afar, and cheer my gloomy day. But I will myself repeat these heavenly melodies like an echo, until I have stamped them in my heart; and then I shall be able to bring comfort to myself in my dark-

ness!" Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the sweet airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. That done, the curtain was raised; for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction. Oh! man, how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and of darkness resting upon thy days! And yet what cause for complaint, unless indeed thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering? For is not the whole sum of human life a veiling and an obscuring of the immortal spirit of man? Then first, when the fleshly curtain falls away, may it soar upwards into a region of happier melodies?

ON THE DEATH OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

Ephemera die all at sunset, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun. Happier are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life; hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and of blossoms; and fell asleep in innocence before yet the morning dew was exhaled!

THE PROPHETIC DEWDROPS.

A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dewdrops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dewdrops, that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning onwards to noonday: "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat—or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards—"See," said he, "there stand thy dewdrops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewelry—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words: for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dewdrop, into heaven.

SATIRICAL NOTICE OF REVIEWERS.

In Swabia, in Saxony, in Pomerania, are towns in which are stationed a strange sort of officers—valuers of authors' flesh, something like our old market-lookers in

this town. They are commonly called tasters (or *Prægustatores*) because they eat a mouthful of every book beforehand, and tell the people whether its flavour be good. We authors, in spite, call them reviewers: but I believe an action of defamation would lie against us for such bad words. The tasters write no books themselves; consequently they have the more time to look over and tax those of other people. Or, if they do sometimes write books, they are bad ones: which again is very advantageous to them: for who can understand the theory of badness in other people's books so well as those who have learned it by practice in their own? They are reputed the guardians of literature and the literati, for the same reason that St. Nepomuk is the patron saint of bridges and of all who pass over them—viz. because he himself once lost his life from a bridge.

FEMALE TONGUES.

Hippel, the author of the book "Upon Marriage," says—"A woman that does not talk, must be a stupid woman." But Hippel is an author whose opinions it is more safe to admire than to adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent amongst women; and again the most stupid and the most silent are often neither one nor the other except amongst men. In general the current remark upon men is valid also with respect to women—that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when light is brought to the water edge. However, in fact, the disproportionate talking of women arises out of the sedentariness of their labours: sedentary artisans,—as tailors, shoemakers, weavers,—have this habit, as well as hypochondriachal tendencies, in common with women. Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work: but women often talk double their share—even because they work.

FORGIVENESS.

Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation: our weaknesses are thus indemnified, and are not too costly; being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness: and the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest—the man, who has pierced thy heart, stands to thee in the relation of the seaworm that perforates the shell of the

muscle, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

The graves of the best men, of the noblest martyrs, are like the graves of the Hernhuters (the Moravian brethren)—level, and undistinguishable from the universal earth: and, if the earth could give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Abbey laid flat. Ah! what a multitude of tears, what myriads of bloody drops have been shed in secrecy about the three corner-trees of earth—the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, and the tree of freedom,—shed, but never reckoned! It is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. Not merely upon the field of battle, but also upon the consecrated soil of virtue—and upon the classic ground of truth, thousands of *nameless* heroes must fall and struggle to build up the footstool from which history surveys the *one* hero, whose name is embalmed, bleeding, conquering, and resplendent. The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy. And, because history records only the self-sacrifices of the male sex, and because she dips her pen only in blood,—therefore is it that in the eyes of the unseen spirit of the world our annals appear doubtless far more beautiful and noble than in our own.

THE GRANDEUR OF MAN IN HIS LITTLENES.

Man upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapour and a bubble,—were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbour such a feeling, *this*, by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, *this* is it which makes him the immortal creature that he is.

NIGHT.

The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened—viz. that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts, which day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night as lights and flames: even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, in the daytime appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire.

(To be continued.)

Portry.

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

STANZAS.

My life has been a wild romance,
And fairy fancies have cross'd my path;
Hope would awhile before me dance,
Then came despair in wildest wrath—
Dash from my lips the cup of joy,
And all my dreams of bliss destroy.

What live I for? awhile with me,
The smile of hope bath'd in mine eye;
Which meteor-like, again would flee
Away, and sear my destiny
Then came the longing for the tomb,
Then came the night of grief and gloom.

Hope's dearest night soon flees away,
For scarcely bath'd its darkness been,
Till rosy heralds of the day,
In eastern skies again are seen
Then up mounts hope, both gay and fair,
Away flies gloom, and grief, and care.

But soul-deep love, death sever'd falls,
A withering spell upon the heart;
Once festering there, no hope recalls
Our former joy—nor spell nor art
Can heal the wound—it riots there,
In all the loneliness of despair.

And I have lov'd! yes, so intense,
I deem'd not, that, upon this earth,
Heav'n would such happiness dispense
To mortals of our dull clay birth
A halo like an angel, shed
A light around my lov'd one's head.

I cherish'd her, and as sincere,
As if she had come down from heaven;
Not as a tenant of this sphere,
But as a form which God had given
To me, to worship and adore
Both in this world and evermore.

I deem'd she was more pure and true,
Than e'er created thing had been;
Nor once imagin'd that she knew
An earthly thought, or guilt had seen.
I never deem'd that she could be
A piece of frail mortality.

Alas! she died; and I am left,
A wanderer on a blighted shore;
Of every joy I am bereft,
For bliss hath fled for evermore.
I felt—I feel, as all alone
For peace is dead, and hope is—gone.

My fair love dead, my bosom sore
What have I in this world to prize?
Altho' before my view appear
Gay forms, with smiling cheeks and eyes.
Yet all their watchery lights on me
Like sunbeams on the lifeless sea.

I bow to fate, and not a sigh,
My wother'd heart within betrays.
I am a living tomb—where lie
Inhum'd, the hopes of former days.
I am a blighted, nameless thing,
Stern, silent, cold, un murmuring.

I never, like the ingrate, pray
For that calm resting place, the grave;
Nor like the godless, curse the day,
Which heav'n to man in goodness gave,
But, patient, wait my scapeless lot,
When time will be, as—it were not.

JULIAN.

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

A REQUIEM.

In thy morning prone thou art lowly laid,
In thy spring time of youthful feeling,
When thy brow was bound with joy's rosy braid,
And hope o'er thy bosom was stealing!
Ah! thy brow of gladness, which once was fair—
The settled calmness of death is there
Ah! thy bosom is cold, which with life was warm,
And the shroud compresses thy gentle form!

Many pour o'er thee the sincere lament,
Whose sorrows are loudly spoken
But one dark form o'er thy ruins is bent,
Whose heart-strings in twain are broken;
He hath no tears to flood his pale cheek—
He utters no piercing and fearful shriek—
But o'er thee an image of stone he stands,
And buries his face in his trembling hands!

A husband bows o'er his youthful bride!
An anguish is his too sore for weeping;
She, who clung a brief season to his side
In death's embrace now is calmly sleeping.
She hath melted away with all her charms
Like a beautiful snow-curl within his arms;
Like a bird's sweet voice she hath passed in air,
Like the orient dew, the young rosebuds wear!

Now his hearth light will shine on a vacant seat,
At his board her smiles will greet him never,
And her sweetness which blessed home's loved retreat

And her looks of welcome have pass'd for ever!
Yet, weeper, cease o'er thy fate to mourn,
But gather her virtue's in memory's urn—
O'er them thy spirit in silence may brood
And the thoughts of her soothe thy solitude.

Look out the raised window on earth around—
How is nature cheerless in autumn's hour,
The year's dead honours bestrew the ground,
And the blight hath discoloured the vernal bower.
Yet will spring in his green array burst forth,
And the blast will be hushed of the frozen north,
The valley will bask in the sun's bright ray
And the sweet birds carol the live-long day.

Thus will solace burst from affliction's sky,
Thus a calm come over the storm of sorrow—
Then the tears will be wiped from thy swollen eye,
And hope yet will brighten each coming morrow.

And when thou shalt go to thy place of rest,
And thy spirit ascend with the good and blest,
Her welcome will then to thee be given,
And the severed on earth be rejoined in heaven!

J. R. S.

SPECIMENS OF SONNETS.

FROM THE MOST EMINENT POETS OF ITALY.

TORQUATO TASSO.

1.

If Love his captive bind with ties so dear,
How sweet to be in amorous tangles caught!
If such the food to snare my freedom brought,
How sweet the baited hook that lured me near!

How tempting sweet the lined twigs appear,
The chilling ice that warmth like mine has wrought;
Sweet too each painful unimparted thought,
The moon how sweet that others loath to hear.

Nor less delight the wounds that inward smart,
The tears that my sad eyes with moisture stain,
And constant wail of blow that deadly smote.

If this be life—I would expose my heart
To countless wounds, and bliss from each should
gain,

If death—to death I would my days devote.

2.

Thy unripe youth seem'd like the purple rose
That to the warm ray opens not its breast,
But, hiding still within its mossy vest,
Dares not its virgin beauties to disclose.

Or like Aurora when the heaven first glows,
For likeness from above will suit thee best,
When she with gold kindles each mountain crest,
And o'er the plain her pearly mantle throws.
No loss from time thy riper age receives,
Nor can young beauty deck'd with art's display
Rival the native graces of thy form.

Thus lovelier is the flower whose full blown leaves
Perfume the air, and more than orient ray
The sun's meridian glories blaze and warm.

3.

I see the anchor'd bark with streamers gay,
The beckoning pilot, and unruffled tide,
The south and stormy north their fury hide,
And only Zephyrs on the waters play
But winds and waves and skies alike betray;
Others who to their flattery dared confide.
And late when stars were bright sail'd forth in pride,
Now breathe no more, or wander in dismay.

I see the trophies which the billows heap,
Torn sails, and wreck, and graveless bones that
throng

The whitening beach, and spirits hovering round.

Still if for woman's sake this cruel deep
I must essay, not shoals and rocks among
But 'mid the Sirens may my bones be found!

CLAUDIO TOLOMEI.

4.

Blest star of Love, bright Hesperus! whose glow
Serves for sweet escort through the still of night,
Of love the living flame, the friendly light,
And torch of Venus when she walks below.

Whilst to my mistress fair in stealth I go,
Who dims the sun in orient chambers bright,
Now that the moon is low, nor cheers the sight,

Haste, in her stead thy silver cresset show,

I wander not these gloomy shades among,
Upon the way-worn traveller to prey,

Or graves dispeople with enchanter's song

My ravish'd heart from cruel spoiler's sway
I would redeem, then oh! avenge my wrong,
Blest star of Love, and beam upon my way.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

Obituary.—It is with no ordinary feeling that we record the death of the Hon. William P. Van Ness. So sudden was his decease, that we could hardly realize it, even when gazing upon the lifeless face which we saw, but a few hours before, lighted up and brightened with intellect and soul.

Judge Van Ness was an ornament to his country. His mind was great and comprehensive, its operations were slow, but brilliant. It was contemplative more than active. He was an accomplished scholar and a finished gentleman, an upright judge and an honourable man. We have long been personally acquainted with his worth; and if this short tribute to his memory be the language of panegyric, it is also the language of truth!

To attempt a description of the sorrow of his family at this unexpected and dreadful calamity would be vain and intrusive. There is a sacredness in the grief which bewails the husband and the father, so suddenly struck down by death. It is a grief which nought but time can assuage, and which friendship would vainly strive to alleviate.

To our readers.—Last week, we anticipated a delay in the publication of our paper, but it was protracted far beyond our expectations: in consequence, it was deemed most expedient, not to deliver it to our city subscribers through the medium of our carriers, at so late a day as Wednesday, and therefore, the paper of this week as well as of last, will be sent together. Hereafter, as we have made permanent arrangements, our subscribers may rely on being punctually served early every Saturday morning, and we trust that this explanation may remove every cause of complaint, if any exists.

Four Months in Europe.—We intended in this number to have animadverted in

strong terms, and at some length, on various passages in Mr. Fairfield's "Four Months," No. VI. inserted in our last paper: but as "Vindex," an unknown correspondent, has sent us an able, and certainly a severe article, we shall not proceed in our intention.

We cannot, however, pass by this opportunity to express our unqualified disavowal, to Mr. Fairfield's unnecessary, and we are sure, unjust remarks on the English clergy. We explicitly state, that, whatever he may think of England, and all connected therewith, our readers are not to adopt his opinions as our belief. We look upon England, with all her faults, as the greatest, most refined, and most intellectual nation under the sun.

We published Mr. Fairfield's Journal, not without some hesitation, first, to allow him a channel, whereby to communicate his observations to his countrymen; and, second, in hope that his remarks might not only amuse, but also instruct our readers; well convinced, that their own good sense would permit nothing reprehensible in it, to make any lasting impressions on their minds.

The "Four Months" will be completed (we think) in three or four numbers more.

In what follows, we trust, our readers will find nothing so censurable as they have seen. Having promised the "Four Months" to our readers, we must go on with it.

The Scrutinizer.—The first number of this paper, which we noticed at some length last week will appear on Wednesday. We have already expressed our opinion of Mr. Baldwin's qualifications, and now it only remains, to call the attention of our readers again to his paper. We heartily wish him every success.

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

Mr. Editor.—The writings of your correspondent, Mr. Fairfield, have attracted considerable notice from your readers, not because they display any peculiar ability, but because they exhibit striking specimens of that jacobinical rancour, which the world had begun to believe had departed with the other extravagances of the French Revolution. It would be rather amusing in these cool and reasonable times to observe an individual lashing himself into fury, and even phrensy, at the evils of aristocracy and monarchy, if the

exhibition were not accompanied by the display of malignity and ferocity, which must excite in every generous heart indignation and scorn. The author of the "Four Months" journal might have taken a conspicuous rank among the ultra-democratic writers, who flourished in such luxuriant profusion thirty years ago; for talent and learning were not then requisite for distinction, and simply to a blind and frantic hatred to every government, where the chief magistracy was hereditary, to a phrensied animosity towards every individual on whom the laws had conferred any permanent distinction, and to a prejudging and inveterate hostility to every nation, which refused to adopt the utmost principles of equality, it was that *Maret* and the *Pere du Chesne* owed their celebrity. Your correspondent is too late. He is a political insect out of season, whose buzzing and venomous fellows have been cut off by the frost. The most he can now do, is to call forth from the careless reader an expression of surprise and indignation, accompanied, perhaps, with pity for the weakness of a temper, which wilfully perverts the powers of a mind certainly respectable.

The true son of imagination is kind-hearted as well as warm-hearted—is just, though sometimes wilful—is generous, though occasionally wayward. "His failings lean to virtue's side;" and if he err in speculative opinions, he errs on that side which generous and kind feelings have espoused, without the assent, perhaps, of cold and stern reason. We look with indulgence on the young American of ardent feelings and poetic temperament, like *Halleck*, who sees the aristocracy of England with a partial eye—who respects involuntarily the banners which have waved triumphant in so many storied fields, and who embalms in beautiful poetry the heroic names of *Percy* or *Douglas*, which have been a battle-cry since the days of *Norman William*. We know full well, that this feeling is not inconsistent with the firmest affection for the institutions and manners of his native land. It is like early love—"an infirmity of noble minds," exercising no unfavourable influence on the character. But we regard as an unhappy anomaly, the youthful poet, who can tread the "time-honoured" soil of England, and can behold its beautiful landscape; its embowered cottages and stately palaces; its cultivated fields, and universal prospe-

rity, without one feeling of respect for the political institutions under which the magic scene around him has been reared; and who can bend over the consecrated turf which covers the numberless heroes, philosophers, and poets of Britain, without one throb of kindness for their countrymen and descendants, whom he sees around him. Such a man cannot be a friend or a good citizen. He is by nature a sour and bitter misanthrope, whom a good and reflecting man will exclude from his society.

So unnatural is this character, that it is with reluctance we believe it can be found in the author of the "Four Months Residence," though he seems sufficiently careless of the impression which his writings create. A different solution of his feelings is imagined, though, perhaps, he will not be pleased with it. It is, however, the spontaneous belief of the writer, who is a perfect stranger to him, and who never heard his name, till he read it in the *Literary Gazette*. A Poet by confession—very young—visiting England without any avowed motive—it is not unfair to conclude, from his disappointment and temper, that, previous to his journey, he was some—*Country Genius*—the wonder of a village—

the poet of some rural newspaper, who, flattered and bepraised beyond his endurance, and intoxicated with hyson tea and young ladies' glances, spurned his county's "bounded reign," and rushed to England to receive the higher praise of British admiration. Arrived in London, he finds that no portents, or avant couriers, had announced his approach; that he is unknown in that mighty metropolis—a drop in that vast ocean; and that there are no means of rising speedily into notice. He finds, moreover, that the literary market is glutted with provincial genius, and that county poetry is a drug. Peradventure he writes a sonnet for the *Literary Gazette*, which the editor rejects, or an article for the *New Monthly Magazine*, which *Mr. Campbell* will not receive. Impatient—irritable—without the candour to ascribe these things to the nature of human society, or the firmness to seize and prosecute the means, which, if he possess merit, must lead him to success, he adopts the more agreeable resolution of retorting contempt—"the world has damned him, and he damns the world." He returns with impetuous rebound to his own country; and then, like the travelled monkey in *Esop*, who had lost his tail, he calls upon his brethren

to chop off their own; and asks his countrymen to defer to his "Four Months" experience, their long matured and cherished predilection for the land of their sires. Now this supposition may be entirely unjust, but the writer of the "Four Months Residence" justly exposes himself to such a charge.

The English nobility of the present day ought not to be an object of hatred, far less of contempt, to an American poet. In calling for a favourable opinion of them, I do not mean to refer to their virtues—their generosity—their patronage of genius, and their freedom from licentiousness, (which, considering their boundless wealth, and unbounded temptation, is quite remarkable,) in which every American traveller is prompt to assert their excellence, but I ground it simply on their literary merits. If a second *Horace Walpole* should think it necessary, at the present day, to excuse his own offences in literature by making a list of offenders of his own rank, his "Catalogue of Noble Authors" would comprise a large portion of the elegant writers of the day. It so happened the book in my hands at the time the last letter of *Mr. Fairfield* attracted my notice, was the *Faust* of *Goethe*, translated by *Lord F. L. Gower*, and while admiring the wild genius of the German Bard, I gave a grateful tribute to the talent of his elegant translator. In eloquence, these hereditary Legislators command the respect of even republican readers. *Grey* and *Lansdown* of the one party, and *Grenville* and *Liverpool* of the other, challenge advantageous comparison with the greater numbers, keener emulation, and more industrious talents of the house of commons. But there is another reflection, which to a true poetic heart will be overwhelming. The fairest wreath of poetic glory, which this age can boast, has been culled from the *Acanthus-leaves* of this "Corinthian Capital of civilized society." If the Romans pardoned the arrogance of the descendants of the *Scipios* for the virtues of their ancestors, the honest American Democrat will look with indulgence on an order, which claims as peculiarly its own, the name of *Byron*.

The reader of these remarks will ill judge the author, if he believes him to entertain political sentiments opposed to the institutions of his native land. Not so. He will be as prompt to protect and cherish; he loves them as fondly as *Samner*

Lincoln Fairfield. But he detests, as a true species of genuine tyranny, of the jacobinism of the French school; and with all its defects, he respects the constitution of England. It is a consoling reflection that these opinions are almost universal. The "age of reason" has indeed come, and the bad passions, and profligate principles, and prejudiced opinions once connected with this name, have passed from the country with the bones of Paine. In vain will writers like the author of "Four Months Tour" attempt to revive them. Jacobinism is old, worn out, cannot be restored, is forever out of fashion:

"'Tis a couch, with the loss of its garnet and its gloss,

'Tis a Harp," which has lost all its cunning;"

'Tis a Pipe, where deftest hand can the steps no more command,

Nor on its divisions be running."

INDEX.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS AND SKETCHES.

NO. III.

As a painter can sketch whatever scene he looks upon, with such exactness to nature, that the most careless observer at once recognises the justness of the picture, so also can a writer sketch, and, to the imaginative mind, as vividly as the artist. Not presuming to that pitch of genius which many of my cotemporaries possess, but merely as an humble admirer of animated and external nature, I have attempted, and if my mind does not change, will continue a few THOUGHTS AND SKETCHES, of the thoughts which have crowded my mind, and the scenes I have looked upon. If, in these, my readers can discover a resemblance to nature, and find amusement or instruction, my object is fully attained.

Whoever has studied human nature with the keen eye of observation, has a thousand times remarked, that, to hit the thoughts, actions, gestures, and foibles, and those only which distinguish one man from another, — that makes him in the moral world a thing apart from his fellow-men, must have felt how arduous is the task, and how difficult the true and exact performance. It is a task in which few have succeeded. Hence it is, that men of inferior genius so often fail in their attempts to delineate character, whether it be in tales, plays, or novels: the careless reader can seldom divine the cause, why he is pleased or displeased. He is satisfied or dissatis-

fied with a performance, and knows not wherefore; but this is the cause: however correct and classical the language of a work may be, if the plot is not well matured, and the characters not drawn "to life," it will find few admirers; while, on the other hand, if a well-devised plot, and correct delineation of character, be executed, even though the language be loose and inelegant, it will assuredly succeed to a certain extent. Though few readers (as we said before) can depict nature in her glowing colours, yet, there is an intuitive feeling, or judgment, that informs us when it is done.

In the SKETCHES we have drawn under the title that we have adopted, we do not pretend to be more "cunning of fence" than falls to the lot of those who have examined, with the same delight and assiduity that we have, the lights and shades of character. Among the infinity which we have studied, we have selected those only that seem to stand, as artists would say, in bold relief; how we may have succeeded we leave to the judgment of our readers: undeterred, however, from our object, by the difficulty of the study, we shall go on in our plan, not with the hopes of reforming the faults and foibles of the age, but for the strong desire of affording our readers amusement. We know not, if any one has ever imagined he saw his own likeness sketched; we can, however, assert that we have not, nor do we intend, to draw individuals, but classes.

Our next essay will be,

CITY AND VILLAGE MANNERS.

It is a remark we have often heard, and which history puts in the mouth of a distinguished man, that "I would rather be first in a village, than second in a city." For our own parts, we would rather be any character (lowest and respectable withal) in a city, than be doomed to pass one year in a village.

During the course of our travels, it has been our lot to reside for a time, in various inland towns, in this country as well as abroad: with the exception of the national character, we have found foreign and domestic, in general, similar. The unsophisticated manners of a village life have often been extolled in approved verse and prose, yet these we never admired. The ladies are deficient in the polish and grace, the gentlemen in the refinement of manners and gentility of deportment, which characterize the city bred. The village

gentlemen, withal, lack the dignity and ease of gesture, which make our sex so gracious in the eyes of the ladies.

In villages, every day seems a Sunday; the bustle and stir, the anxious eye and hurried step, which constantly chequer a city life, is unknown: perhaps there is not the same necessity for despatch and watchfulness; that which is not done to-day will do equally well to-morrow: there is not the same danger that inactivity and slothfulness will mar a speculation. No one has nerve or confidence to outrun his neighbour in hazardous adventures! In a commercial city it is vastly different. The chance which should have been embraced to-day, and neglected, is lost for ever: a speculation delayed, even a single hour, is rendered unsafe, or totally defeated, by one more prompt and decisive adventurer. Every man moves onward with a firm step and fixed eye, which shows an object in view; active and watchful, careful and jealous that his neighbours do not outgeneral him. At the post-office the instant a mail or vessel arrives, to learn the news from distant places; for the information which is not obtained on the instant, might almost as well not be known; the chance which it offered has been embraced by a more active merchant. This difference of life makes a striking contrast between the city and country physiognomy. The citizen is discovered by his sharp eye, firm step, and compressed lips; the countryman by his dull, ranging eye, slow and careless step, and open wonder-marking mouth. Who is there among us, that cannot tell a countryman the moment he sees him on our streets? The stage or steam boat that carries him hither, cannot translate his nature. He is accustomed, at home, to stand behind his counter discussing news, known long enough before in the city to be twice forgotten. He drives his team a snail pace, whistling gaily as a bird in spring, careless of the turmoils of the contentious cit. That which would be done in a city in five minutes, he thinks is done very speedily, if accomplished in a day. Almost as speedily as yes or no, can be said, a city merchant closes a bargain. The countrymen must talk it over, first in his house or store, then the tavern-keeper must profit somewhat. The inn is the *change*, as well as the *exchange*.

In a city every one is so much occupied with his own concerns, he has no time to think or talk of his neighbour's. A villager has so little of his own business to en-

gauge his attention, that he must be eternally busy with other people's, and his own concerns are those which he generally knows least of. He is intimate with every one in the place and the country round for miles. In a city there are a thousand circles, and each one moves in his own particular sphere. His next door neighbour he never saw, perhaps does not know his name—may marry or die, and he never the wiser for it. If a new face is seen in a village, every inhabitant knows his object, name, family, fortune, &c. in a few hours, even better than he does himself. If birth, marriage, sickness, or death, takes place, it spreads through the whole population like wild-fire. If one is absent from church, conjecture is instantly abroad as to the cause; "Where has he been? what is he doing?" is asked: and fifty of his very good friends call to know the reason; not that they care a cent about the matter, but merely to gratify insatiable curiosity. For these reasons we never wish to pass a village life: to have people eternally prying into one's concerns—their loves, hates, fears, jealousies, debts, duns, &c. does not suit our taste. It is no place for us, where, for ten truths, ten thousand calumnies are circulated, which pass from mouth to mouth, and ear to ear, as if they were the natural food of our race.

It would be a vain task for any one to attempt to reform individuals, much less classes: this has often been tried without effect. The petty malice, envy, hate, jealousy, and all the train of ills that humanity inherit, have withstood the efforts of sages since the flood, till philosophers are now compelled to admit, that the nature of man must undergo a thorough change, before it be possible to stop the mouth of slander, or shut the heart against its ungenerous tenacious human passions.

These remarks were penned not many weeks ago, on a rainy day, at the tavern in the village of ———, in which place we were unfortunate enough to be detained about ten days. While there, we became acquainted with many of the inhabitants. The character of one fair damsel caught our attention, pleasantly, or unpleasantly, will be seen by the following portrait, for which, we have chosen the title of

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

(To be given in our next.)

X.

The appearance of merit is oftener rewarded by the world than merit itself.

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

FITZALLAN

The happiest lives are not the most eventful, nor days free from sorrow, those which may most easily be described; yet when gay dreams of happiness have departed, and the love which cheered and enlivened the dawn of existence has left the heart to mourn in its utter loneliness, when the brightness which shed its lustre on one page of memory rather casts a feeble glimmer on the succeeding, or fades in distance like a dream of childhood, than gives a steady or a wished for light on after days; it may be as difficult to give interest to woe which has no vanity, or to obtain sympathy for sorrows which are represented without romance or adventure.

Fitzallan in early life was wild and impetuous; unchanging in love, violent in hate, yet with generosity capable of the most disinterested forgiveness; determined in purpose, bold in action; and possessing the art of giving every word and look an insinuating charm which went directly to the chord he wished to touch. Ellen was his first love; he admired her beauty, but he loved her for the warm confidence of her heart, the tenderness of her feelings, the refinement of her mind, and her deep untold love for him. But she died; and then did the chain of Fitzallan's life seem fled for ever. He was an altered being when he awoke from his long dream of sorrow. He bowed not in devotion to woman for it too forcibly reminded him of what his heart told him he should forget; he joined not in the circle of dissipation, for his nature now sought enjoyment elsewhere. He saw successful love, but it did not arouse his envy; he saw and moved with the busy crowd, but was not as one of them; he saw others happy, and felt that he was alone. All marked the change; but there was a proud indifference in his eye which interpreted forgetfulness; his high feelings would not submit to pity, and the world thought his bosom free from sorrow. Years passed on; and his heart asked him if he should wander an isolated solitary being, and die without one heart to mourn his fall; if he should drag out his weary existence, without one social joy, without a charm to lighten his load of woe, without enjoyment, without love. He determined to seek a companion for his future years, and his heart involuntarily suggested a model. He left the home of his childhood, the scene of his sweetest happiness, and

his deepest misery, and he found other beings as fair, other hearts which would have been as kind and true to him as Ellens. Yet he chose none the partner of his bosom. He died, ere age had bowed his form, and when life should have played joyously, and hope and peace and happiness glowed brightly within him. He died, in life unblessed, in death unlamented.

Sympathy weeps over such wrecks of what is most generous, and confiding and noble in our nature, and we ask, was there not one being to revive the lamp of feeling ere suffering had quite extinguished it, was there not one heart whose well tried affection might repay him for every disappointment and every misery, whose endearing love might be the solace of his bosom and shed a blissful light over the dark path of his existence. Oh no, he had imagined a standard of perfection, and because humanity could not reach it, he loved none. The love of his early youth had passed away; and if perchance in after years its memory returned, it was but to cast a fitful gleam which but too strongly contrasted past and present. Such is the history of one formed for greater happiness, with feelings and sentiments capable of giving the highest felicity, he lived knowing that not one being was happy in his existence or would smile less joyously if he was no more. With a heart well capable of loving, and most worthy of being beloved, he passed through life with an affection that destroyed his own happiness without giving bliss to one, and unblessed by woman's love, save that of hers who so early sunk to the tomb. Few knew the tale of his boyhood, and the world saw him only as a bachelor; an epithet which casts a shade over the brightest virtues and clouds the best affections of the heart; a situation which damps the ardour of genius because its meed must be enjoyed alone; which takes half the charm from success, because no eye brightens with kindred pleasure; which gives a tenfold power to disappointment, because there is no kind being to seek and gladden, no hand to avert its force when the weight falls upon his bosom. It robs life of every solace, and the heart of all that might cheer it in adversity, or give a lasting joy to prosperity, all that might gladden it in affliction, or smooth its rough path to eternity.

HINDA.

Our own caprice is more extravagant than the caprice of fortune.

Miscellaneous.

TWELFTH NIGHT,

OR
WHAT YOU WILL.

There is one day (or night) in the year, which, however capricious Nature may choose to be, is always the same. On that day, though the heavens shower roses, or stones, or seawater, we have always our frost and snow upon earth. If it be not nature, it is art, and will answer our purpose as well. This day (we beg pardon of our friends in Dublin) is *Twelfth Night*!

On that day the world is populous, multitaced. Every one (Oh, rare day,) is a Weathercock, bifronted, double-tongued. He is Robert and Rigdu o-funnidos at once. He is lean Simpson, and Sir Epicure Mammon. He is grinning Harry, and Heu! let the sad Dane. His capacity is double, he it for mirth or drink. He is, in short, an exquisite irregularity, like the mermaid; but in most cases handsomer. — could go on till February in describing these pleasant accidents of fortune, these personal antitheses; where one corporeal title rebelleth against the other.

On that day there is a grand making of kings, (but "no coronation.") They are as common as kittens, and playful. Men live for a day under a royal democracy; but they are free, though ephemeral; contented, though happy. They are slaves to the monarch of fortune, yet they beard and laugh him to scorn. And what, though he bid them kiss the cold bars, or their pretty neighbour,—they repine not, but straightway obey him.

Then how fine is the dialogue, how free from restraint, how gay: I can almost imagine a Contributors' circle potent as a magician's.

"We are the king."

"We speak no treason, man—"

"Give us our crown (of wood or tinsel):"

"we will shine like Mr. Eliston's pillars, though it be not Bartholomew fair. — Now —"

Yet, shall I go on?

Shall I try to show our Eliza's glancing wit? Shall I trace the deep and fine vein of Mr. Table talk? Shall I point the cheerful gravity (almost a paradox) of D—? the restless pleasantry of Janus, ever-veering, catching the sun and the shade? Shall I strive to out-do Mr. Herbert, in his humour, in his portraits so piquant and so true? Or shall I sharpen my pen's point, and hit off our friend Lycus's

waggery, his puns, and (what is much better than either) his poetry? Or paint our good A—, always gay; like a huge forest transplanted, a *rus in urbe*,—musical as Polypheme, and as great?

Shall I go on? — Ah! no. For who can tell our doings? Who can paint a laugh? Who can carry away a rich thought with all its bloom? Where is the freshness of the jest that hung upon accident or circumstance? It may not be done.

Yet, talking of laughing, as Mr. Aircastle would say, I own like a laugh. It is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market.

I never saw a Frenchman laugh. They smile, they grin, they shrug up their shoulders, they dance, they cry "Ha!" and "Ciel!" but they never give themselves up to boisterous *unlimited* laughter. They have always a rein upon their lungs, and their muscles are drilled to order. Their mirth does not savour of flesh and blood. I do not mean to contend for that pampered laugh which grows less and less, in proportion as it is heightened—(so gin given to children stops their growth) but for a good broad humorous English laugh, such as belongs to a farce or a fair. The Germans laugh sometimes, the Flemings often, the Irish always; the Spaniard's face is fused, and the Scotchman's thawed, into a laugh; but a Frenchman never laughs. They smile, indeed, but what then? Their smile is like their soup-magre, thin; their merriment squeezed and strained. There is in it something of the acid of their sallads, something of the pungency of their sauces, but nothing *substantial*. It is neither solid nor ethereal; but a thing between wind and water; not of earth, nor heaven—good nor bad; but vitaneously indifferent, and not to be admitted as mirth.

To be continued.

BOOK-BINDING.—The subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he still continues the **BOOK-BINDING BUSINESS**, in all its various branches, at No. 33 Nassau street, where all who may favour him with a call may rest assured their work shall be executed with neatness and despatch.

Blank books ruled and bound, and warranted to be equal to any in the city.

A general assortment of blank books for sale.

JOHN H. MINUSE.

N. B. Subscribers to the "*Literary Gazette*" can have their volumes bound in calf or any kind of binding, by sending them to the above place.

Music books, gentlemen's libraries, old books, and publications, bound to any pattern, and at the shortest notice. July 1.

THE BLACK LIST.

JOSEPH SAYRE, of Delaware co. N. Y. is particularly disinclined to pay for the paper.

J. LIUS BLACKWELL, of Tioga county, has neglected to pay for his paper, although written to by our clerk three several times after his year of subscription terminated.

GEORGE THOMAS, St. Lawrence co. has not paid.

To be Continued.

N. B. That there may be no mistake and no unnecessary apprehensions on the subject of the Black List, it is proper to state, that these are subscribers to the *Minerva*, which paper I purchased about fourteen months ago and which was incorporated with the New-York Literary Gazette, last September. The year of these subscribers expired last April, and due warning has been given to all. Our good subscribers have nothing to fear from the Black List; no name shall be inserted hastily, unadvisedly or unjustly; but when once inserted there it shall remain.

AMERICAN TRAVELLER,

A TWO STAGE REGISTER.

THE TRAVELLER is published on Tuesdays and Fridays on a large imperial sheet, by Bauger & Porter, at No. 31 Court street, Boston, and a great variety of literary and scientific matter—Manufacturing, Agricultural and Commercial intelligence—information interesting and important to travellers—the latest foreign and domestic news—marine list—Price Current &c. &c. As a vehicle of general advertising it offers singular advantages, having a more extensive circulation among places of public resort such as Stage Houses, Steamboats, Hotels, Reading Rooms, &c. than any other paper in New-England.

The Stage Register, a publication very useful to travellers, is issued in a neat pamphlet form as an accompaniment to the Traveller once in two months, and furnishes a full account of the principal line of Stages, Steamboats, and Canal Packets, in the New-England states and the state of New-York.

Price of the Traveller \$4 per ann: of the Traveller and Register \$5 per ann: both in advance. July, 1826.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

JAMES G. BROOKS,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR,

OFFICE NO. 4, WALL STREET, NEW-YORK.

TERMS.—Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. Subscriptions must commence with the first No. of a Volume, prospectively or retrospectively.

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than one year, and notices of discontinuance must be given one month previous to the close of a volume. Letters must be post-paid.